

THE NUR AF SHAN

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The excessive heat of the month of May and June is a prophecy of the coming rain. It is not often that the water famine has been so severe as it was this year in Mussoorie and Landour. It is the thirsty soul that appreciates the limpid stream. So the blessing withheld often serves to increase the soul's appreciation of the blessing received.

A unique visitation of the Christian Girl's School at Dehra Doon took place recently when the principal and masters of a Sikh school at Perozepore, accompanied by sixty pupils, girls and young women—some with babes in their arms came in suddenly upon the lady principal. They wished to see the Christian School and learn all they could by observation. Their request was of course most cordially granted, and soon they were busy inspecting the school. They were fortunate in having the opportunity of seeing one of the foremost schools of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. A plant worth two lacs of rupees, with a corps of splendid teachers, American and Indian and an attendance of 121 boarders forms a school of splendid capacity. The expense of such a School is great but the ideal cannot be reached by any greater reduction of its expense. A Christian school with a half dozen American masters would do for our boys what Dehra is doing for the girls.

It is with sincere regret that the editor of the English Supplement announces his purpose to suspend the publication during the present year. It may be

restored at the beginning of the next year or a new Journal in English may take its place. We should be glad to have the opinions of our friends as to the relative value of these two propositions. Would you advise a Christian *Monthly Magazine* or the revival of the English Supplement of the Nur Afshan?

We have greatly appreciated the generous support of this Supplement in the past and regretfully conclude to suspend it for the present. The reason for this action is one of finances. The subscription price was fixed too low to begin with and the support of the public has not been sufficient to cover the expense.

Those who have subscribed in advance will have the eight annas for the last half of 1908 credited to the Urdu section. If those who take the Supplement only will let us know we will remit the half year subscription to them or give them for half year a copy of the Urdu only.

It is our expectation to improve the Urdu and we look to our friends to help us increase the list of subscribers as rapidly as possible.

There will be one more number of the Supplement when it will cease to appear.

NOT MINE, BUT THINE.

BY MALTRIE D. BARCOCK.

Whose eye foresaw this way?

Not mine.

Whose hand marked out this day?

Not mine—

A clearer eye than mine,

'Twas Thine.

A wiser hand than mine,

'Twas thine!

Then let my hand be still,

In Thine,

And let me find my will

In Thine!

Power With God And Man.

The spiritual power by means of which, or through the possession of which, souls are led to Christ, does not come, and can not come, to those who live aloof from God. A life of prayer and communion with God is a prerequisite to this endowment. A prayerless man can not be a great evangelist, no matter what may be his culture, his eloquence, or his other human attractions.

The testimony of an infidel hotelkeeper in regard to Mr. Sunday, the well-known evangelist, is valuable in its way. He said: "When Mr. Sunday stayed at my hotel while holding meetings, I could hear him, at about any hour of the night praying; many, many mornings, by every appearance, it could be seen he had not been in bed, nor asleep, but had spent the whole night in prayer." If this is the case, criticisms of Mr. Sunday are not to be seriously considered. People may not approve of all his methods, or of all his expressions, but if he is a man who draws his strength from God in prayer his success is from above, and is to be welcomed as the blessing and gift of God who loves to enrich his people, and who waits to answer prayer.

The possession of spiritual life or salvation is not acquired by mere intellectuality or amiability. One is not saved on account of intellectual ability or natural loveliness of character. The securing of salvation is within the possibilities of those who have no great mental grasp, and no great social standing or culture. Those who are very weak in these departments may believe and pray, and to such persons the doors of kingdom are opened, and they often enter before those who outrank them in ability and attraction. God does not put his gifts out of the reach of any believing and praying soul, however humble that soul may be.



The possession of spiritual power or the ability to be a leader in the work of saving souls, is apart from what the world counts as intellectual greatness. But it is not apart from the spirit of faith in God and the habitual practice of prayer. Some of these things are hid from the wise and prudent, and are revealed unto babes. Not all the great ones in the kingdom of God are great and mighty among men. The hiding of God's power is often with those who are not entirely approved among men. Sometimes a man who reveals in his language a sad lack of training is mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin. Many a woman who fails in social leadership is mightily prevalent in her petitions in the throne-room of the Almighty. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." "Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Some things may be attained by inheritance, or blood; some by the will of the flesh, or human resolution and natural endowments; but the highest things, which are the attainment of salvation and the power to lead others to a saved life, are the gifts of God in answer to the faith and prayer of the simple-hearted. Great is that man who, to greatness of intellect and culture, adds the simple-heartedness which makes it possible for him to be a child of God and a prince in prayer.

Herald and Presbyterian.

IN THE PASSING

M. C. T.

There is something to do for the Master,

There is something to do to-day,

Some burden to lift for the weary,

Some word of comfort to say,

Some smile to give, in the passing,

To hearten a friend by the way.

There is something to do for the Master,

Impulses to follow that lead

To larger tasks, taxing our courage;

He promises help in our need—

And grants to us power, if we ask him,

To be loyal in thought and deed.

There is something to do for the Master

While the world is hoarding its gold,

While the world is striving for honors:

Of wealth, is his harvest, untold;

His call for laborers as urgent

As it was in the days of old.

There is something to do for the Master,

In the trodden way or the strange—

Ours to go wherever he bids us,

Who does for our welfare arrange;

Ours to press forward and trust him,

Whose goodness and love cannot change.

Many a man is blind to new truth because he balks at obeying known truth.

AFTER THE BURNING

BY REV. FREDERICK F. SHANNON,

One of the most interesting passages in Jeremiah is the description of his visit to the potter's house. Doubtless among the objects which attracted the prophet's attention was the partially molded clay. It was not yet ready to be fashioned into some lovely shape. The hand of the potter had touched it but slightly. And that is why, as he looked, Jeremiah discovered that it was clay of an ordinary character. Authorities tell us that the potter never sees his clay take on rich shades of silver, or red, or cream, or brown, or yellow until after the burning. These colors come—after the burning. The clay is beautiful—after the burning. The vase is made possible—after the burning.

Does not Jeremiah's sermon come close to life? After the burning, we own a purity that sees God. After the burning, we have a wisdom that knows God. After the burning, our weakness is coined into strength and we lean upon God. After the burning, our faith is no longer a flickering flame, but an eye set in the soul through which we behold the face of God. If the burning hurts, as it always does, it is only a prophecy of the strength which will be ushered into the life. When the little girl told her music teacher that it hurt her fingers to practice on the piano, the teacher answered, "I know it hurts them, but it strengthens them too." The child packed the philosophy of the ages into her reply, "Teacher, it seems that everything which strengthens, hurts."

How wide-lying and universal is this law of life! Where did the bravest men and purest women you know get their whitened characters? Did they not get them as the clay gets its beauty—after the burning? Where did your mother get that look which, as you think, would add dignity to an angel's face? Already God has written the answer—after the burning. Where did Savonarola get his eloquence, and Stradavari his violins, and Titian his color, and Angelo his marbles, and Mozart his music, and Chatterton his poetry, and Palissis enamel, and Jeremiah his sermon? They got them where the clay gets its glory and its shimmer—after the burning!

Some time ago Katie Powers died at a home for incurables in Cleveland. When her spirit left its twisted, misshapen body, strong men told their strength in tears. Katie was a bright, happy, girl but disease did all in its power to rob life of its winsomeness for her. In the flush of young womanhood, inflammatory rheumatism left her unable to walk. But when God made this girl out of the dust of the earth, he did not forget to slip some of the dust of character gold into her soul. Deprived of bodily power, she said, "But think how much I have left!" Then her arms stiffened, her fingers drew up like claws, and her

jaw became so rigid that it would have been impossible for her to eat but for the fact that her teeth were extracted to permit the introduction of food. Her vision forsook her also, leaving only a little sight in one eye. For years she lay huddled up in an invalid's chair. She could see a little, move her arms a little; that was all.

And what did she do? Why, she became a painter. She would lie there and paint sunny bits of water color. And the pictures revealed not the slightest hint of the suffer in the background. They laughed with sunshine and blushed with hope. People never thought of pitying her, so they simply loved her. She carried not only her own burdens but the burdens of others also. "Whenever I get blue," said a neighbor, "I go in and see Katie; she always cheers me up." "No life ever seemed to me so truly Christian," said one. "It makes you believe in God," said another. When her beautiful spirit went up to receive the kiss of God, many a heart in Cleveland was draped in sorrow while the angels wreathed her "in a smile of white." The pathos and inspiration of it all is, though helpless herself, she helped others—after the burning!

COMFORT FOR THE DIS- COURAGED.

The following extract should comfort and encourage those depressed:

"Failures sometimes mean a general renovation of life. With the old foundations uprooted and new ones, broader, deeper, more permanent, and capable of sustaining a nobler superstructure. Financial failures, although they are ordinarily considered as involving almost the sum of trouble, and they certainly involve so much that it would be the part of ill-judgment to fail in recognizing the very real nature of this trouble, yet are still not those that give deepest pain. The failure of friendship is the failure that is the hardest of all to bear. Yet, let us still sing a song to the god of hope. Every conceivable kind of failure—even the most serious of all, that of character, can be redeemed. No one need ever despair. Nothing is ever so good that it cannot be made better; and so, when failure comes, let us sweep off the debris, clear away all the 'dead circumstance,' and proceed to create anew."—Lillian Whiting.

The "light affliction" is, to many people, a heavy burden and a cross to others it is an "eternal weight of glory." It all depends on the character of the one who is under the weight.

A man's attitude toward God may be told by the restfulness of his inner spirit, his ability to rest. And more, a man's attitude towards God's rest-day tells to men his attitude towards God.—S. D. Gordon.

HE SAVED THE BABY.

A friend of mine named Roberts, says a writer in the New York 'World,' moved into the extreme western part of Kansas, in a region where cyclones are frequent. His nearest neighbor was twenty miles away and his family was composed of his wife and a little three-year-old daughter.

When the baby was born he bought a bull puppy, which grew up with her and as the child had no playmates it made her both a reliable watchdog and a very playful and faithful companion. 'Sport,' as they called the dog, was very gentle and peaceful, and perfectly kind to everyone, especially the baby, whom he adored.

In the summer of the year that my friend took up his ranch he was obliged, one hot July day, to leave home for a trip to the nearest town. The heat for some days had been most oppressive and this day the atmosphere was like a brazen furnace. Roberts had dug a cyclone cellar near the house and told his wife to run to it at once if a storm arose. He cautioned her to keep the baby near the house, where she was playing with the dog.

As Mrs. Robert went about her work in the morning she noticed that the baby had run away with the dog, and on going out of the door she found the animal tugging hard at her skirt. The little one was crying and protesting, but the dog was steadily dragging her toward a dry creek bed across the field, where he was fond of scratching.

Mrs. Roberts told the dog to let go of the baby, but he paid no attention, growling furiously at her when she came near. She was following the dog helplessly to the creek bank when she looked up, and far across the plains saw a black cloud bearing swiftly down on the farm.

She screamed and tried to grab the baby, but the dog again resisted her, whining and growling, and dragging the baby toward what she could then see was a great hole he had at one time scratched in the creek bank.

When they reached it the dog seemed content. Mrs. Roberts, with the baby, snuggled down in the hole just as the cyclone broke over the farm.

When the storm had passed she crawled out of the hole with the baby and the dog all uninjured. She found both barn and house swept away, while the cyclone cellar had been utterly wrecked. Had she been in it she would assuredly have been killed. When Roberts returned home that night and found his family safe you can believe he was thankful.

Now, do you suppose that the dog's instinct told him that the cyclone cellar was not safe, or was it just accident that he picked out the safest place on the ranch in which to hide his little companion.

WASPS AND THEIR WAYS.

Two boys took a walk with a naturalist one morning.

'Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of these wasps?' he asked, pointing to puddle, around which some of them were busily engaged.

'I don't,' replied one of the boys, 'except that they seem to come and go.'

The other observed them closely, and said:

'They fly away in pairs; one has a little pellet of mud, the other has nothing.'

'I am glad you have discovered something,' responded the naturalist, 'but both wasps were busy; the one you thought idle had a drop of water to carry. They reach their nest together; the one deposits the mud and the other ejects the water upon it. They then mix it, and fly away for more, and thus the nest is gradually built.'

The boys never forgot the incident, nor the lessons which their kind friend sought to point out, namely, the industry and patience of the wasps, and the importance of acquiring knowledge by careful observation.

'Christian Guardian.'

They love truth best who to themselves are true,

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do not stand aloof and pity;

Take a brother by the hand.

Roll aside the heavy burden,

Lift him up and help him stand;

Speak a loving word of comfort,

This the blessed Lord's command,

That you love him as the Lord loves you.

I like to hear one pronounce the name of God with a subdued awe, and to see the cast of thought overspread the features when eternal things are named. I like to see a delicate and quiet handing of sacred truth—as you speak the name of your mother in heaven.

Simply to do what we ought is an altogether higher, divine morer potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, build the most worshipping temple, dream out the most enchanting combination of melody and harmony.—Goerge Macdonald.

Heart Divine! my comfort be;
Be my refuge in the strife;
From the tempest shelter me;
Be at death my better life!
See my wound, how deep and sore;
Heal me, heal ten thousand more;
Yea, o'er all this world of woe
Bid thy boundless mercy flow!"

To
The Editor of "The Nur Afshan"
Ludhiana.

DEAR SIR,

Will you oblige the Staff of the C.M. High School, Bannu, by kindly inserting the following letter in your valuable paper?

A letter to Dr. T. L. Pennell, M. D., B. Sc., F. R. C. S., London.

C. M. HIGH SCHOOL. BANNU.
9th June 1908.

DEAR DR. PENNELL:

We are directed by the Teachers Association at a meeting held on the 8th June, 1908, in "The Elizabeth Hostel" to convey their heartfelt condolence to you on the death of your noble Mother in whom you have sustained an irreparable loss and whom you were not destined to serve in the last hour of her life, and to send you herewith a copy of the resolutions unanimously carried out by the said Association.

In the end we fervently pray that God the King of Kings and the Lord of lords may give you *Shante* and "Mem Sahiba" a seat in the Heaven.

That we, the teachers of the C.M. High School Bannu, place on record the deep sense of regret on the sad death of Mrs. Croller Pennell who breathed her last at Sheikh Budin on the 3rd June, 1908, and was buried in the Bannu Cemetery, lamented by the teachers and the taught, in whom they lost an experienced and learned lady, well known for her qualities of head and heart, best sympathiser, an eloquent speaker, compassionate friend, an embodiment of truth, straight forwardness, piety and chastity and mortal enemy of vice, falsehood and crooked ways. (P. by Lala Daya Ram and S. by Khilanda Ram.)

2. That a copy of the resolutions be sent to Dr. Pennell on behalf of the Association conveying their sympathies to him in his bereavement.

3. That a "Silver Medal worth Rs. 4 and a prize of Rupee one (P. by L. Jai Ram S. by Hari Nand) be awarded annually on the day on which she expired from the School fund to the best English essay writer and the best English or vernacular reciter respectively in honor of her attachment to "The Students Debating Club and to commemorate her memory permanently in the Institution with which her long connection was full of self results. (P. by E. Jhaya Ram S. by L. Dunichand.)

5. That a copy of the letter addressed to Dr. Pennell be sent to the Press for publication. (Proposed by L. Tek Chand S. by L. Jai Ram.)

With best Wishes

Your sympathisers

TEK CHAND & MUL CHAND.

Teachers, C. M. High School,

BANNU.

TELEGRAMS.

London, June 10.

Advices from Morocco state that Mulai Hafid entered Fez on Saturday with much pomp.

A despatch from Tiflis states that the Archbishop of Nixon, ex-Archbishop of Georgia has been murdered. His assailants escaped.

London, June 11.

A despatch from Reval says Renter is informed authoritatively in a Russian quarter that the interviews between M. Isvolsky and Sir C. Hardinge showed that the agreement of 1907 had the happiest influence in the development of different questions and that complete identity of views continues to reign, notably in Persian and Afghan affairs. Great Britain and Russia are equally desirous of the best relations with all powers.

London, June 12.

German comments on the meeting of the King and the Tsar at Reval express the opinion that while the changes in European politics, especially as regards Macedonia, for shadowed by the meeting naturally excite anxiety, the emphatic insistence on peace by both monarchs is destined to dissipate any fears.

The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Portsmouth states that immediately the battleship *St. Vincent* has been launched in September, preparations will be made to lay down another battleship with a displacement of 21,000 tons and an armament of 13.5 inch guns. The vessel may possibly be fitted with gas engines, thus dispensing with funnels. The cost is estimated at £1,250,000.

A telegram from Tiflis states that ten men attacked the Customs House in broad day light, killing five officials. They were pursued, and the last three of their number were killed but the remainder escaped with a booty of 24,000 roubles.

A despatch from Chicago states that the delegates supporting Mr. Taft have obtained enough seats in the Republican Convention to ensure his nomination for the Presidency.

A semi-official *communiqué* has been issued in Paris which shows that France adheres to her demand for reparation from China, and also requires that China shall place no further obstacles in the way of the carrying out of French mining concessions in Yunnan.

London, June 14.

Abdul Aziz's troops have mutinied at Alcazar and proclaimed Mulai Hafid Sultan.

Muzaffarpur, June 13.

The Sessions concluded to day in connection with the Muzaffarpur bomb outrage case, when Khudiram Bose was sentenced to be hanged. The court room and precincts were packed with an expectant crowd.

London, June 15.

The great Pan-Anglican Congress opened to-day with an intercession service in

Westminster Abbey. The delegates number nine thousand, including nearly three hundred Bishops representative of the Anglican community throughout the world. It is the greatest assembly ever convened by a Christian Church. An *Agenda* dealing with social as well as religious problems will be dealt with. Seven district congresses are sitting separately.

A telegram received in St. Petersburg from Urmia states that twenty eight villages have been pillaged by Kurds during the past week. Refugees are flocking to Urmia and the Russian Consulate is full.

Mulai Hafid's adherents have captured the Algerian Army instructors at Alcazar and sent them to Fez in irons.

The Russian Upper House has passed, by a large majority, the Amur Railway Bill as adopted by the Duma.

London, June 16.

Lord Curzon presided at a banquet given by the Pilgrims Club yesterday, to the Archbishops and Bishops attending the Pan Anglican Congress. Mr. Asquith said it would be a lost opportunity if such a unique assemblage separated without contributing to a better understanding between men, which would best safeguard the peace of the world.

A Russian immigrant, Mr. Broditaky, who was educated at a Jews' Free School, is announced as Senior Wrangler.

In the Commons Sir E. Grey, replying to questions, denied that the Japanese were insisting on preferential advantages in the trade and industry of Southern Manchuria.

The British *Charge D'Affaires* at Teheran, Sir E. Grey said, had reported considerable excitement and unrest but had not expressed any apprehension of danger to the lives, property and interests of foreigners.

Mr. Trevelyan asked whether before the final steps for a visit of the Tsar to England were taken, an opportunity would be given to express an opinion regarding the policy of the visit.

Sir E. Grey, in reply, said no arrangements for a visit of the Tsar to England in the near future were proposed and the eventuality contained in the question therefore did not arise.

His Holiness the Pope has received in audience Monsignor Zaleski from India.

A telegram from Tokio states that fifty fishing boats were wrecked off Kagoshima and 350 persons drowned.

Allahabad, June 16.

Cholera is still lingering in the Peshawar Valley, and some cases have occurred lately in Nowshera Cantonment.

Orders regarding Sunday work in the Telegraph offices are likely to be issued shortly.

Mr. Henry Wilson asked for full enquiry into the circumstances of the engagement with the Zakka Khel and Mohmands without prisoners being taken.

Mr. Buchanan said papers would be laid on the table containing full information which would disabuse Mr. Wilson of any idea that the troops in fulfilling instructions, had done otherwise than what would gain Mr. Wilson's good opinion.

THE INDIAN STANDARD.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE MANAGER, NUR AFSHAN.

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For Zanana work, a rickshaw is better than a carriage.

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